AT R. McKAY & CO'S., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909

THE GREATEST HALF-YEARLY SALE EVENT OF THE YEAR:

Again to-morrow morning sharp at 8.30! No let up in the value-giving. Be here on time if you would share in many of the best bargains. Read the events carefully, consisting of some of the best bargains ever offered to the women of Hamilton. Read:

Splendid Hurry-Out Sale of Gloves

12 and 15 button length French Kid Gloves, in a tremendous Saturday le, consisting of all the popular and wanted shades; all sizes; on sale the following reductions:

12 button length Kid Gloves, former price \$2.50, sale price \$1.59 pair 16 button length Kid Gloves, former price \$3.50, sale price \$1.69 pair 500 Pairs Long Liste Gloves, Reg. \$1.00 Values, Hurry-Out

Sale Price 69c Pair

8 button length, long lisle, perfect-fitting Gloves, on sale to-morrow in the scarce and wanted shades. Buy to-morrow and save, at... 69c pair 2 Dome Lisle Gloves, Worth Reg. Reg. 40c and 50, Sale



Women's Balbriggan Underwear

Worth Reg. 50c and 60c, Hurry-Out Sale Price 29c Garment

Children's Lisle and Cotton Stockings — Great Saturday Sale

50 dozen splendid qualities in Children's Summer Stockings will be cared to-morrow. Guaranteed full fashioned, in both ribbed and lace feets, tan and black, worth regularly up to 35c pair, Hurry-Out Sale price. 25c

Hurry-Out Sale of Made Veils Saturday

Worth Regular \$1.50, Sale Price 69c Each

5 dozen dainty Paris made Veils, in black and assorted colors, in both plain and fancy effects, some with chenille spots with heavy borders. Take advantage of this sale event to-morrow; worth regularly \$1.50; Hurry-Out Sale

Rush-Out Sale of Leather Belts

Worth Regular 50c, Sale Price 15c Each

new Leather Belts, in a great Hurry Out Sale flurry. Better comes great bargain—they will pass out quickly at the above sale

Immense Hurry-Out Sale of New Spring Dress Trimmings

New Style Trimmings, Worth Up to \$2.50 Yd., Sale Price 49c sale to-morrow a grand assortment of new style Trimmings, all son's importations, in the popular new straight and fancy edges. See rimmings, on sale to-morrow. Worth regular up to \$2.50, sale price

Fancy Braids, Worth Regular 8c and 10c, Hurry-Out Sale Price 2 Yards for 5c On sale in a splendid collection of colors, very popular this seasor trimmings; on sale in the narrow widths only. Suitable for bor

Hurry-Out Sale of Valenciennes Lace, Worth Regular 8c,

Clearing To-morrow at 2 Yards for 5c

Lovely Val. Lace, 2 and 4 inches wide, will pass out quickly at the ve price. Shop early in the day for this bargain.

Wonderful Sale of Distinctive Summer Apparel for Women

Purchased at a Wonderful Reduction to Clear During Our Hurry-Out Sale

A beautiful and exhaustive assemblage of exclusive models created from aterials which include the most recent effects and colorings. A view of this stable collection is well worth while if only to familiarize one's self with remarkable resources of this highly developed specialty. Ready-to-wear partment. The following attractive offerings have been prepared for special

\$6.50 Tailor-Made Rep and Lined Suits \$3.98

Wonderful, you will say. The newest are mocha, light blue and serous other colors. Semi-fitting coats, 38 inches long; beautifully tail-

Skirts pleated and gored models. Regular \$12.50 to \$15.00, Hurry-Out Sale price\$4.98 Misses' Skirts 98c Light and dark colors, samples also. Regular \$2.95, Hurry-Out Sale price 98c

Hurry-Out Sale of Black and Cream Taffetas 39c Yard

650 yards only of these Silks to be cleared at above price. Black and cream, in All Silk Taffetas; hand and chiffon finish and very durable qualities. Regular 60c yard, Hurry-Out Sale Price 39c yard

Lovely Silks at 25c Yard

Immense Hurry-Out Bargains in the

Dress Goods Section

Regular 75c Panamas for Saturday 47c Yard

Just the kind of material for serviceable and summer suits or separate skirts, a nice even make, in the best shades of navy, brown, myrtle, red and black, worth regular 75c, Hurry-Out Sale Price 47c Yard Saturday only 50c Yard

Bleached Sheetings, plain and twill, best English and Canadian makes.

Regular 25c, for 22c
Regular 29c, for 25c
Regular 29c, for 30c
42 and 44-inch Heavy English Circular Pillow Cotton, regularly 20c, for 18c
42 and 44-inch Heavy English Plain
Pillow Cotton, regularly 20c, for 16c

Hurry-Out Whitewear Bargains for Saturday

THIRD FLOOR \$1.50 Skirts for 98c

Ladies' Fine Cambric Skirts, with deep full flounce, trimmed with lace, protected by dust frill, sale price 98c

Night Dresses 63c

Ladies' Cambric Gowns, trimmer with tucked yoke, hemstitched fril neck and sleeves, to clear 630

Corset Covers 25c Ladies' Corset Covers of fine nain sook, full front, trimmed with lace yoke, edging at neck and sleeves. . 250

Linen Dresses 39c

A few only Children's Linen Dresse nicely trimmed with wash braid, sal

Hurry-Out Sale of **Blouses**, Underskirts

\$1.50 Waists for 98c Firm white Lawn Waists, with Swiss allover embroidery front, tuck-ed back, directoire sleeves, trimmed with embroidery, all sizes, worth re-gular \$1.50, Saturday's Hurry-Out

\$5.00 Net Waists for \$2.49

Ecru Flictte Net Waists, made over silk slip, and trimmed with Filette insertion, trimmed sleeves, pointed cuff, edged with lace, worth regular \$5, Saturday's Hurry-Out Sale Price,

\$2.25 Waists for \$1.25

Waists made of fine Persian Lawr and trimmed with Swiss embroidery baby back, trimmed sleeves, worth re gular \$2.25, Saturday's

\$2 Moirette Underskirts for 98c Superior quality of Moriette Under skirts, made with deep accordion pleat ed flounce and finished with frill

Hurry-Out Sale of

Children's Goods \$1.00 Dresses for 59c

\$1.75 Pique Coats for \$1.25

Children's White Pique Coats, made with sailor collar, and trimmed with

\$2.00 Hats for \$1.49 Children's White Chip Hats in mushroom and Napoleon styles, trim-

The quantity is limited. Light and dark colors. Semi and tight-fitting coats, nicely tailored and trimmed. Skirts pleated and gored models. Regular \$12.50 to \$15.00 Hours of the state of

Hurry-Out Prices for Saturday

Visit Our Big Staple Section. Special Values Every Day

Crisp new goods, dainty patterns, in all the newest shades, never sold less than 15c, Hurry-Out price 10c yard Best quality Awning Duck, green and white stripe only, slightly soiled on selvidge, regular 35c, sale price 25c 27-inch Forfar Crash, pure flax, clean absorbent weave, regular 18c,

finish, splendid wearing qualities.

A Love Affair

proud, indignate tempt.
"You were to have been married toud, indignant indifference and Were to have been! She did not move,

Were to have been! She did not move, but her lips wreathed with a smile of scorn. Were to have been!

"You were to marry the Marquis of Brakespeare," he went on, as if she had not spoken; "a good match even for one so beautiful as Miss Grahame. But you forgot the man who had loved you for years, and who told you that no power on earth should tear you from him. Constance, they say that the Fates favor the man who is resolute in his purpose; the Fates have favored me. When I came down here and heard that you were engaged to the marquis, I confess I lost all heart; I had almost resigned myself to the loss of you. Not quite, for I am not the man to whom resignation comes easily.

resignation comes easily.
"I dined at the castle—your future home. As I looked around the room and home. As I looked around the room and saw you and him, saw the loving glances that passed between you, my heart ached with the rage of slighted love and jealousy. Think how I loved you! Think of the old time when I lived upon your smiles, counted the hours of my absence from you, the old time when you and I were almost alone in the wild new world!

and I were almost alone in the wild new world!

"I thought of all this as I sat and looked at you and him, and if I could have killed you both with a word, I would have done it!"

Again Constance shuddered. She knew that what he said was true.

"But at that moment a strange thing happened. Hitherto everything had been against me. You had refused me, repulsed me as if I were a dog. You were engaged to be married to another man, the rich, the powerful Marquis of Brakespeare. All hope had nearly left me, and yet at that moment the turning point had come, and—I held you in my point had come, and—I held you in my hands. Yes; body and soul you were given over to me! She made a scornful movement

She made a scornful movement with her hand, intimating that she had nothing to say, that she was listening with contemptuous indifference...)

"You will speak presently," he said, "Constance, do you know who this man is whom you were to have married? The Right Honorable the Marquis of Brakespeare," he said, slowly, reciting the title.

"Now, listen, Constance, and weigh every word. Do you remember the night we parted in the bush?"

He waited for a reply, but she still remained silent.

remained silent.

"Take your mind back to it. It will not be difficult if it is burned on your heart and brain as it is on mine. Think! Do you remember your father deluding himself with the idea that he had found the secret of the jasper rock? Do you remember Daniel coming to warn us that the rangers were on the trail, and that we were to be prepared for them? You have not forgotten? No, it is not possible. But recall every incident of that night. Remember how, even as Daniel were talking the rangers burst in Daniel was talking, the rangers burst in upon us."

pon us." He paused as if to give Constance time

He paused as if to give Constance time to recall the scene.
"You have it all before you? Then you have not forgotten the ringleader of the gang? Do you remember him? He was a tall, strongly-built man, a man with a bearing and style above his feltows. They called him Gentleman Jack. It was said he was an Englishman, a gentleman, and that he was engaged in the work for mere amusement. Do you remember him?

Constance stood silent and motionless.
"Do you remember his voice?" he re-

the work for mere amusement. Do you remember him?

Constance stood silent and motionless. "Do you remember his voice?" he resumed. "It was not like the voice of the squatter or the scum of the bush of which the rangers were composed. It was the voice of a gentleman, an English gentleman. The way he moved, his courtesy to you, all marked him out as different to his companions. It did not strike me so forcibly at the time, but—Well, you went with your father in the wagon, and I was left. An alarm was raised a few minutes afterward, and the rangers made off. I was left alone in the hut which your presence had made a shrine to me—alone to think of you! As I lay there before the fire I saw something glittering on the floor. I thought it was one of the stones which your father had cut from the rosk, and picked it up. It was not a stone, but—what do you think, Constance?"

"It was not an opal, but—a ring, a signet ring, such as a gentleman might wear, and as I held it to the firelight I saw that it had a crest engraved upon it. "It was the leader of the gang's, the Englishman who 'played at ranging for amusement.' I put the ring in my pocket. It is there still.

"My luck turned that night. No matter how, I made the first step to wealth. I have reached the top of the hill, but I kept that ring through it all. For, you see, I might by its aid some day discover and identify the chief of the rangers. There was a reward of two thousand pounds out for him. It would be worth having, to say nothing of the honor and satisfaction of bringing such a

worth having, to say nothing of the honor and satisfaction of bringing such a

man to justice."
He stopped and swept his hand across his forehead.
"And then I came to England, found

"And then I came to England, found you, was spurned by you, and chance—no, not chance, for I had followed you—brought me to the dinner-table of the great Marquis of Brakespeare. And there, as I looked at him and you, I saw on the fork I held in my hand, on the napkin, on the plate, everywhere, the crest—an eagle and a broken spear—the crest which was engraved on the ring which I picked up in the hut, the ring that had belonged to the leader of the frangers.

"You planned this!" she exclaimed, as there suddenly flashed through her mind the pains Lady Ruth had taken to get her into the arbor. "You planned this, and Lady Ruth was your accomplice!"

He smiled as if it were not worth while to deny it.

"Do not be angry," he said, slowly; "all is fair in love and war. Yes, I arranged this interview and Lady Ruth was good enough to assist me."

Constance drew herself to her full height.

"Say what you have to say quickly," she said, haughtily. "You do not need me, to tell you that I shall not regard anything you may say."

She turned her face to him with a proud, indignant indifference and contained."

You ald discovered," his voice grew hoarse in its triumph, "the leader of the gange, the man over whose head hung the greward, the felon! The Marquis of Brakespeare was the chief of the rangers, and a felon!"

"Look at the 'ring," he said, and he held it out to her.

"You may have stolen it," she said. "I have not finished yet," he said, almly. "Wait until you have heard the whole of my evidence." "Evidence!" she retorted, contemptuthat what you have said to me would only excite laughter in any court of law."

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"You and he eves seemed to blaze with scorn.

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"You she are reward, the felon! The Marquis of the ganger was the chief of the rangers, and a felon!"

"Evidence!" she retorted, contemptuthate what you have said to me would not perfect the property of the ganger was the chief o

law."
"Yes, but not what follows. The night I left the castle—you remember that I walked to my carriage, which had been left at the village—as I passed down the avenue a man sprang out and accosted me. He addressed me familiar-

ingal I left the castle—you remember that I walked to my carriage, which had been left at the village—as I passed down the avenue a man sprang out and accosted me. He addressed me familiarly, as if he knew me and expected me. I did not know him, but I kept a tight hold on him and induced him to come with me to the ale-house."

"All this is nothing to me."

Constance's heart beat heavily; his calm, self-possessed voice awakened a keen presentiment of evil.

"He had come to key blackmail on him—to get more money; he had already had some. Why should this scarecrow, this tramp, blackmail the marquis, the great Lord Brakespeare. Because he knew him. He was an old friend. The man was a member of the gang of rangers! His name was Long Ned. and I identified him; I could identify him in a court of justice by a scar on his arm from a wound which your father—yes, your father himself!—dressed in my presence out there in the bush!"

"The man, when I taxed him with the truth, admitted it—admitted it, after a struggle. He meant the marquis no harm; he only wanted to obtain money from him, but my suspicions were well founded. The all-powerful Marquis of Brakespeare was the ringleader of the ranger gang, and a felon over whose head hung a reward!"

He drew a little nearer to her and peered at her white face.

"The evidence is complete, the chain is forged link by link! If you are not convinced, ask yourself why he has not told you his past history, why he has studiously concealed it Has he ever, by a single word, alluded to his travels, to what happened to him all the time he was away from England?"

Trembling, Constance hung her head. Almost more than anything else he had said, these words affected her. It was true! Not one word had Wolfe told her of the past, not one word!

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, in a low voice. "Do you want further proof! If so, it shall be fortheoming in a court of justice. I have the man who can prove the identity of the marquis with the ranger under my hand; fecan procure further evidence from Aus

"What—what will you do?" she de manded, and the words fell hoarsely

from her parched lips.
"Well, I am not quite decided. You well, I am not quite decided. You shall decide for me. I know what I ought to do—my duty. As an honest man and a good citizen, I ought to cause the marquis to be arrested and brought they would send him over to the other trial. I think-I am not sure-tha

"There would be scant mercy for bin

"There would be scant mercy for him there," and he smiled. "I expect they would hang him."

"No! no!" she panted, hoarsely. "You will not. You must not! Have mercy, mercy!"

"So it has come! At last!" he said, sardonically. "I told you that you should kneel to me, and—see!"

"Yes," she breathed. "I kneel to you. I pray to you! I care nothing for my. I pray to you! I care nothing for my-self. It is for him, for him! You will spare him! He—he has never injured

"You still love this man, this bush-ranger and felon?" he said, between his

ranger and reconstructions.

"Yes, yes, I love him!" she panted.
"I would give my life to save him, and—and you know it!"

"Your life!" he echoed, with a strange expression in his eyes. "You care for him so much! We shall see. I said that you should decide what I should do with him. You shall."

She rose, and stood clutching the arm

She rose, and stood clutching the arm of the seat, her head bent, her whole

of the seat, her head bent, her whole frame quivering.

"1?" she looked at him fearfully.

"Yes," he responded. "His fate shall rest in your hands. But a word and I can place him in the dock. There can be no escape for him then. Not his wealth, not even his rank, can shield him. He goes to the gallows or penal servitude as surely as that you have knelt here at my feet. You can save him if you care to do so."

She stretched out her hands, watching him intently.

him intently.
"I can save him- I! Tell me—oh, tell me!"

tell me!"

He was silent for a moment as if he were willing to prolong the strain she was undergoing; then he said:
"I will spare him on one condition.

I will not only keep silent myself, but I will keep this man's lips closed on one condition."

I will keep this man's lips closed on one condition."

"Tell me—tell me!" she panted, hoarsely.

"That you become my wife!" he said.

"No, no!" she breathed; "never."

His lips writhed at the loathing expressed by her tone.

"But I tell you, yes," he said. "Do you think that even if I had not made this discovery and you had married him that I would have relinquished you?

No! I would have found some means of dividing you. You should have knelt to me on some other plea, even as you have knelt to night."

He took a step toward the door, but

He took a step toward the door, but Constance stopped him with a word. "Wait!" she said breathlessly. "Wait! Give me-give me a moment; time to think!"

STEAMSHIPS

NORTHERN CONAVIGATION

LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION for S. S. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth. Leave Sarnia 3.30 p. m. May 13, 19, 22, 20, 31, June 5, 9, 12, 15. Sailings May 13, 19, 31, June 5 and 12 through to Duluth. Freight sailings in addition to above

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said, coldly and inflexibly. "There no other way of saving him. Take it or leave it. What!" and he turned upo her with scarcely repressed ferocity, "d you think that I am not making a sad you think that I am not making a sacrifice? Do you think that I can surrender the delight of revenge without a pang? Do you think I have not looked forward to seeing him in the felon's dock—this man you preferred to me? I am human, like yourself; and I say my sacrifice is as great in its way as yours. Come! I'll have your answer. On it depends the safety of Lord Brakespeare, the man you love. Is it to be 'yes' or 'no?'"

'no?'"

She raised her head and looked at his as one looks who has received the deat

sentence,
"Yes!" fell from her white lips,
He turned and made a movement ward her.
"You will marry me, Constance!"

cried, his joy and triumph breaking sud-denly through the veneer of cold self-"Do not touch me!" she panted. "Yes,

possession.
"Do not touch me!" she panted. "Yes, I will marry you—to save him."
"Give me your hand on it," he said, recovering his calmness.
She put out her hand slowly, as if it were to meet the touch of a serpent.
He took it and held it in both his. They were burning.
"You have acted wisely," he said, as she drew her hand away. "You could not have sent him to penal servitude, have seen his mother's head bowed in the dust—she who has befriended you. No, you have decided as I knew you would, and you shall not regret it. Don't turn away. I repeat, you will live to acknowledge that even for your own happiness you have acted wisely tonight. The man you would have married would have tired of you in a few happiness you have acted wisely t night. The man you would have ma ried would have tired of you in a fe

(To be Continued.)

FIRE ON STEAMER.

Passengers and Crew Have Lively Fight.

Vancouver, May 27 .- With her saloo and staterooms gutted by fire and on nan dead from his injuries, the steame loquitlam put back to port at 9 o'cle

Coquittam put back to port at 9 octock
this morning, after an exciting experience from Roger Eurtis Point, ten mules
out. The crew and passengers fought
the fire for two hours.

The Coquittam is owned by the
Union Steamship Company. She left
Vancouver for Massett, Portland
Conal, at 2 o'clock this
garrying ten passengers, a crew of Canal, at 2 o'clock this morning carrying ten passengers, a crew of eighteen and a full cargo of cannery supplies and settlers' effects. One of the crew, opening a paint locker, met the flames. The locker opened on an alleyway running between the engine room and the port staterooms. The tire spread rapidly. Second Engineer Black stuck to his post in the engine room, and was badly burned, and had to be dragged out by the crew.

Abucket brigade saved the steamer. Hans Larsen, a deck hand, ran back for money and clothing and perished in the flames. Second Mate C. W. Watts was overcome by smoke. Fireman Sato, a J. panese, was badly burned, and Engineer George Black is in a critical condition.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Bignature of Chart Hitchira

Razor Headquarters.

Wholesale and retail at Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north. Agents for the Carbo Magnetic, \$2; King Shaver, \$1.50; Diamond Edge, \$1.25; Griffon, \$1.25; Wade & Butcher, \$1.25. In safety razors, the Gillette, Auto-Strop, Witch, Welcome, Ever Ready, etc. Complete stock safety razor blades.

brought me to the dinner-table of the great Marquis of Brakespeare. And there, as I looked at him and you, I saw on the fork I held in my hand, on the napkin, on the plate, everywhere, the crest which was engraved on the ring which I picked up in the hut, the ring that had belonged to the leader of the rangers.

"Are you listening? Do you not see" he demanded, stretching out his hand to her. "The ring with the crest—the same crest as that of the Brakespearer. That night, in the man who had robbed me of the rought of the respect to the respe

RAILWAYS

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